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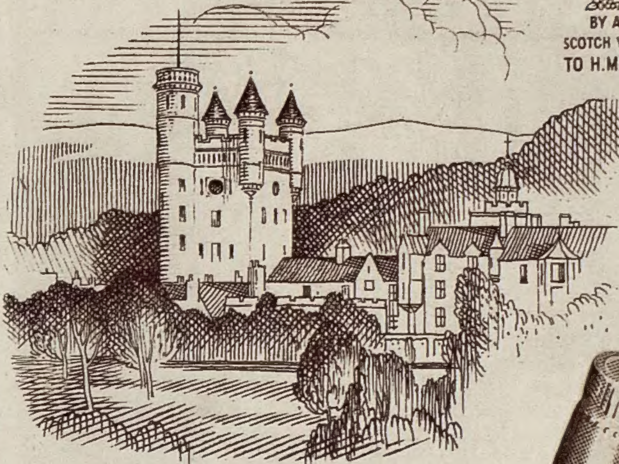

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The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1951

Photographed by Anthony Buckley.

UNDERSTUDY ON TOP

SHARING top-of-the-bill with Nat Jackley in *Latin Quarter* at the London Casino is Jean Carson, young comedienne-singer of charm and vitality. Only about eighteen months ago she understudied Frances Day at the same venue. Now she stars.

Queen Mary opened the Royal School of Needlework Exhibition at St. James's Palace. Her Majesty is not only a connoisseur of the art but, as we all know, an admirable craftswoman.

Sketch-Book

By Peter Fleming

"BICYCLING IS GROWING IN FAVOUR"

UNTIL recently my views about the Festival of Britain were much the same sort of views that my mother used to hold about games at children's parties. "Go on," she used to urge, when her sons and their guests hung moodily back from picking up sides, or finding pencils and paper, or choosing someone to be IT, "you'll all enjoy it, once you get started." She was practically always right; and I felt that the British, who in recent years have had few distractions and little cause for gaiety, would, when the time came, stop grumbling about the Festival and find themselves, at the end of the summer, grudgingly admitting that it had been a great success after all.

Now, I am not so sure about this. The busloads of provincial visitors will probably enjoy their arduous but brief excursions into the gay hurly-burly; but Londoners—or, anyhow, those who live or work or find their normal recreation anywhere near Central London—will suffer, daily, endless inconveniences by reason of the Festival. I do not know with how good a grace they can be expected to endure them. The Festival is really a sort of gigantic fair. Fairs are things which everybody enjoys going to, but no one particularly wants to live with; and I doubt whether the sour fatalism with which most Londoners seem to await these costly celebrations of nobody quite knows what will be much modified by experience. However, one must let the dog see the rabbit.

I AM afraid (talking of rabbits) that the Festival will have ruined the best shoot in London. This was in Battersea Park, and I had it—by arrangement, as far as I can remember, with the L.C.C.—for a few weeks in the winter of 1941. Wood pigeons in very large numbers used to flight in over the roofs of South London and roost in the trees in the Park, especially in the trees on an island in the shallow, artificial lake. I was stationed at the time in Chelsea Barracks and, whenever our duties allowed, two or three of us used to spend the last hour or so of daylight shooting these pigeons. I think the most we got in an evening was about twenty-five, but it was great fun and gave (I hope) innocent amusement to the few passers-by as they strolled or bustled

homeward through the Park. We gave the pigeons to the park-keepers, in lieu of rent. I doubt if the elaborate delights of the Fun Fair will give me more pleasure than I had on its site ten years ago.

BATTERSEA PARK, incidentally, seems once to have been closely associated with bicycling in the earliest days of that giddy and equivocal sport. This I deduce from *The Illustrated London News* for June 1, 1895, from which we get a disarming glimpse of High Life in the 'nineties:

> The Duke of Cambridge has relented, and bicyclists are to be admitted to Hyde Park before ten in the morning. This noteworthy victory for the wheelmen, and still more for the wheelwomen, is doubtless due to pressure in high quarters. Bicycling is growing in favour with ladies of the aristocracy, who are not unreasonably dissatisfied with Battersea Park. It is probable that the ten-o'clock regulation in Hyde Park will lead to a good deal of early rising in Belgravia and Mayfair, and that some distinguished wheelwomen will take their bicycle exercise before the usual ride in the Row. One great recommendation of this is that it entails a change of costume. The bicycle costume must be doffed, and the riding habit put on. Obviously this is a distinct addition to the excitements of a fashionable day.

Let me hold your shopping-bag, Countess, while you wipe a nostalgic tear from your eye.

I DON'T know why it is, but I found I disapproved of General MacArthur's habit of referring to all the Asiatics killed by the forces then under his command as "Communists." Certainly his own opposite numbers in the field were members of the Communist Party, and certainly the punitive campaign in which he for so long led the forces of the United Nations is designed to contain and throw back Communist aggression; but when I read, in communiqués from Tokyo, that "United Nations aircraft accounted for a further estimated 450 Communists in a narrow valley just north of the road junction," I cannot help feeling that an injustice has been done to many of the estimated dead. Somewhere—perhaps *passim*—among them are simple men like Liu, a younger son in a peasant family who failed to dodge the draft, fought (perhaps) in Burma at the instance of the Fascist Chiang Kai-shek, under the feudal command of Mountbatten and with equipment supplied by the capitalist hyænas in Washington, against the Japanese Imperialists. Liu has followed the drum ever since, and now, in furthering the designs of Mao-Tse-tung in Korea, he is guilty of anti-social conduct as a world citizen. But—though he is a polite man and shows enthusiasm for his new cause when called upon to do so—he does not really know, and never has, what goes on, what it is all about, what the score is. There are a great many Lius. Their masters make it necessary that we should fight them, and for our own sakes we must kill them if they will not run away. But it seems a little hard to put them all in the game-book as Communists.

DO European Communists ever discuss the difficulties which the Kremlin must meet in running a movement which is simultaneously a conspiracy and a crusade? Theoretically one would expect these to be considerable, and to anyone who looks, even as irregularly as I do, at the *Daily Worker*, it must appear that, however well the conspiracy is doing, the crusade languishes. Apart from being, I think, the only daily paper which regularly appeals to its readers for subscriptions to enable it to keep going, it is far, far duller than it need be; it is almost in the same class as the *Daily Herald*. I can't help feeling that the Kremlin, even if it isn't prepared to supply financial oil for the lamps of World Revolution, ought to give an organ which it is supposed to sponsor occasional scraps of stable gossip. There ought to be something in the paper which one can't either hear in the Moscow broadcasts or read elsewhere in the London Press. As a matter of fact (and leaving out the Grand National, for which I too selected *Nickel Coin*), there sometimes is. Glancing through a recent issue to make sure that I hadn't been unfair to the *Daily Worker*, I found in its Nature Notes views which can only be classed as exclusive. The passage reads:

> Snipe appear difficult to shoot but, once you know how, anyone can kill several dozen in a day in a snipe marsh.

NOTING somewhere the other day that the 1st Bn. the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers are on their way home after an unusually long tour of duty overseas, my mind went back to the winter of 1942-43, when this battalion was taking part in operations in the Arakan. The small campaign, after opening auspiciously, was soon converted by the enterprise of the Japanese into a minor disaster for our arms, but G.H.Q. in India were slow to realise quite how badly things were going. One of the first clues they had to the real state of affairs was a mention in a censorship report of a telegram sent by a fusilier in the Inniskillings to his parents in England. This telegram, which has always had for me a lapidary charm, read: "Don't worry. Just pray."

In the same campaign I remember meeting a battalion of the Lancashire Fusiliers which, being mainly composed of townsmen, was new not only to the jungle but to outdoor life in any form. One of their officers told me that his platoon had shot a deer. I asked what they had done with it, expecting—for rations were neither plentiful nor varied—to be told of a mighty feast. "We buried it," he said primly.

FOR the past few years I have watched with admiration the meteoric rise of the Civil Servant as a figure of fun. Not even the Profiteer after the First World War had as many jokes made about him as the Bureaucrat has after the Second. The reason, I suppose, is that ridicule automatically follows power, and when power changes hands within our society the satirist and the comedian instinctively alter their aim and engage new targets. When the aristocracy were the ruling class you got jokes about pompous noblemen and condescending dowagers and apoplectic squires. Now what is left of that class is portrayed with the same sort of almost affectionate tolerance with which men look back on the schoolmasters whom they feared as boys, and it is our new rulers who draw the fire. I remember a time when, as a character in a film or a play or a music-hall sketch, a Civil Servant was almost as great a rarity as a lighthouse-keeper; now he seems virtually indispensable to any presentation of contemporary life, particularly if its aim is to entertain. As a rule he is not handled very kindly, and it is perhaps significant that the only Ministry whose officials continue to provide our dramatists with debonair and interesting heroes is also the only Ministry whose activities never impinge directly on the fortunate citizens of our Welfare State. The young diplomat in the Foreign Office is still—as *Who is Sylvia?* and *Who Goes There?* abundantly prove—a character who brings with him on to the stage an aura of breezy, sophisticated and slightly irresponsible romance; and, although the basic reason for this may lie in the essentially whimsical nature of our foreign policy, it is agreeable to find, among the so numerous servants of the Crown, one small category who are immune from the stock jokes about cups of tea and replies in triplicate.

THE current controversy about the size of the royalties which publishers ought to pay authors reminds me of the comment made by a distinguished man of letters on one of the older, graver, more scholarly publishing houses. "Being published by Blank's," he said, "is like marrying a duchess. The honour is almost greater than the pleasure."

Peter Fleming

Illustrated by Martin Aitchison

OUT-OF-DOORS

GOLF

THE HALFORD HEWITT, DEAL, 1951

By Henry Longhurst

AMONG the few unchanging festivals in a changing world is the Halford Hewitt golf tournament, wherein more than fifty teams of ten-a-side, accompanied by "trainers," reserves, camp-followers and the like, assemble to play for their old schools on the Royal Cinque Ports links at Deal.

The course has been twice inundated by the sea, and littered with land-mines, pill-boxes, barbed wire and other defence paraphernalia, but nothing makes any impression on it, and year by year it emerges the same.

Its very lowness helps to make Deal unique. Looking inland towards the Betteshanger coal mine, which, far from disfiguring the landscape, lends a certain majesty to the scene, you can see daylight between the wheels of the train puffing its way across the marsh. Out to sea beyond the shingle bank a destroyer, in the Downs, seems to be riding at eye level.

Incidentally, the 6th green beside the foreshore was the scene of the immortal remark of the man who, on missing a short putt, brandished his putter aloft and cried: "How the devil can a man putt with all this shipping going up and down the Channel!" This year the proceedings were accompanied by the incessant whine of our American allies from Manston in their jet-propelled *Shooting Stars* which, as they turn, look so much like Iron Crosses.

It was in many ways a vintage year. Four fine teams, Rugby, Harrow, Eton and Loretto, got to the semi-finals, and after a series of really bloodcurdling episodes the last day ended with Rugby winning for the second consecutive year. In their first round, the winners, lacking Colonel A. A. Duncan, a Walker Cup trialist and renowned foursomes player who was detained on military duty, beat Charterhouse, a side which your humble servant had the honour of captaining on the only occasion in its history when it has failed to survive a round. Trained, as usual, by Mr. Ben Travers, whose purveying of stimulants on the 7th and 12th greens has long been a ritual, Charterhouse had hoped to do better.

Both Eton, against Clifton, and Harrow, against Taunton, had an appallingly narrow shave in earlier rounds, Harrow squeaking through only when the two Crawleys, father and son, won on the 19th. This was on the first day, when half the matches were, for the second year running, played at Sandwich. It is no disparagement of Royal St. George's to say that this arrangement seems suitable enough provided you have been drawn to play at Deal, the true home of the Halford Hewitt, and the other fellow at St. George's. Having said which, one has two other solutions to offer but no compelling reason to prove either of them superior.

No golfing agony equals the last hole of a Halford Hewitt match. Holing a yard putt to win the amateur championship—not that I speak

Standing: M. Swanston, P. M. Armitage, A. U. Clark, J. C. Woodall, F. D. Physick, J. E. Pitts, G. T. Duncan, E. G. Hurst.

Sitting: C. P. Johnstone, A. D. Cave, T. E. Cunningham (Captain), D. H. R. Martin, A. A. Duncan.

RUGBY TEAM.

Standing: C. Gray, D. F. Ashton, T. Blackwell, L. G. Crawley, C. Blair, J. Blackwell, K. W. Walker.

Sitting: D. Blair, G. L. Q. Henriques, G. Bennett, R. H. Oppenheimer, C. D. Gray. *On Ground:* Eustace Crawley.

HARROW TEAM.

L. R. H. Gracey and R. Bickford (Beaumont), P. Holdstock and F. G. Jewell (Highgate).

J. H. Thompson and J. B. Back (Charterhouse), and F. D. Physick and J. E. Pitts (Rugby).

from experience—is nothing to holing the same one on the 18th or 19th at Deal to prevent the entire team losing.

Not that the drama rests only in the putting. The lies on the Deal fairways seem to get "closer" year by year, and on the last hole, with a cold wind blowing and the brook winding its way sinuously across in front, the ball seems to cringe there, defying you to move it upwards as well as onwards.

Never, I fancy, was there so much quaking and shaking and topping of tee shots and splashing into the brook as this year, the high spot being perhaps Rugby's semi-final against Eton. Two Rugby pairs had won. One match was now on the 19th and another on the 21st. In the remaining match Eton were on the green in two, Rugby in the brook. Whereupon Rugby, blessing the new Rules, get on in three and down in four, Eton taking three puts, and the outlying pairs return with palpitating hearts to the clubhouse.

By pure coincidence I happened at Deal to be reading William Hickey, who in September 1775 was on the shore there while his friend Byers lay storm-bound in the Downs, with ships wrecked on all sides. Ashore at last, Byers observed that "nothing enabled him to bear the terrors of the last three days but the immense quantities of gin he swallowed. . . ."

Plus ça change . . . !

Brig. A. C. Giles (Bradfield), C. A. Fiddian-Green (Leys), N. J. Holloway (Leys) and T. F. Bland (Bradfield).

E. Clifford Smith (Bradfield), D. P. A. Cox (Bradfield), A. C. Parkes and A. Eastman (Leys).

J. W. Jennings (Marlborough), D. B. Coleman and G. K. Nice (Bedford), and H. C. Neilson (Marlborough).

J. Blackwell (Beaumont), D. A. Thurston (Highgate), F. M. Emmit (Highgate), and G. Russell (Beaumont).

R. Pumfrey (Bedford), B. T. Carrick and Ian R. Patey (Marlborough), and W/Cdr. H. D. Nicholson (Bedford).

Photographed by Baron.

LORD ROSSE OF BIRR CASTLE

An antecedent of Laurence Michael Harvey Parsons, sixth Earl of Rosse, and ninth Baronet, was the third Earl, famous Irish astronomer and the first constructor of reflecting telescopes on a large scale. *His* grandson, Sir Charles Parsons, invented the turbine engine. The present peer, seen standing by his ancient Irish seat, Birr Castle, King's County, takes a practical interest in the study and preservation of fine architecture both in England and Ireland. He is chairman of The Georgian Group. Lord Rosse served in the Irish Guards during the war. In 1935 he married Anne, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Leonard Messel, O.B.E., of Nymans Staplefield, Sussex, and sister of Oliver Messel. They have two sons.

Date-Book (Our Social Diary)

MARCH 26.

DUCAL ARRIVAL: After London marriage the Duke of Argyll and his Duchess — former Mrs Margaret Sweeny—went north, were piped into grounds of Inveraray Castle, Argyll, historic stronghold of Campbell chiefs.

MARCH 30.

PILKINGTON — RADCLYFFE MARRIAGE: St. Margaret's, Westminster: Mr. A. R. D. Pilkington, son of Mr. Pilkington, of Treemans, Horsted Keynes, Sussex, and Miss M. Radclyffe, daughter of Major and Mrs. Radclyffe, of Forss House, Thurso.

DUCAL ARRIVAL.

PILKINGTON — RADCLYFFE MARRIAGE.

APRIL 4.

DEB. FASHIONS: The year's débutantes, their mothers and others attended deb. fashion collections at the Berkeley. Left: Miss Lavinia Agnew, Mrs. K. H. Ritchie and Miss Anne Tinney. Right: Miss Veronica Naylor-Leyland, 1951 deb., modelling "Silver Lining" in powder-blue net (seven layers), with silver sequin embroidery.

DEB. FASHIONS.

APRIL 4.

BREEDEN — LORD WEDDING: In Storridge village church, Worcestershire, Miss Jean Lord, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard P. Lord, of The Halesend, Storridge, married Mr. Miles L. Breeden, son of Mr. Carl Breeden, of Bryn Arden, Claverdon, Worcs. Honeymoon: S. France and Italy.

APRIL 5.

POTTERY PARTY: Good-bye party given at 30, Portland Place for Miss Anna K. Zinkeisen, off to open shows of her pottery designs and models in U.S.A. and Canada. This clever artist is very well known to *Sketch* readers.

BREEDEN — LORD WEDDING.

POTTERY PARTY.

Date— (Our Social

FESTIVAL FISH.

FALZ-FEIN — CURTIS-BENNETT WEDDING.

APRIL 5.

FESTIVAL FISH: In his Earls Court studio Maurice Lambert, A.R.A., put finishing touches to 20-ft. sculpture for Fisheries Section, South Bank Exhibition. Work took five months to complete. It's in plaster over steel.

APRIL 5.

FALZ-FEIN — CURTIS-BENNETT WEDDING: Miss Virginia Curtis-Bennett, daughter of Lady Curtis-Bennett, of 118, Lexham Gardens, married Baron Edward Alexander Falz-Fein, Principality of Liechtenstein, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy.

TELFER-SMOLLETT — FOX WEDDING.

APRIL 5.

TELFER-SMOLLETT — FOX WEDDING: At their Londonderry House reception after their wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster: Major P. T. Telfer-Smollett, H.L.I., son of Major-General Telfer-Smollett, of Bonhill, Cameron House, Loch Lomond, and Miss Georgina Fox, daughter of Sir Gifford and the Hon. Lady Fox, of Towersey Manor, Thame, Oxon. Guests (right): Misses Louise de Chimay, Maureen O'Brien, and the Hon. Carolyn Hardinge.

THE 'NATIONAL.

APRIL 7.

THE 'NATIONAL: Aintree crowds stunned to incredulity, the bookies to jubilation, by ragged start of the Grand National, which at the first fence brought down dizzy crowd of horses, jockeys, as you see recorded here. As race proceeded, situation worsened, till the solitary mare *Nickel Coin*, J. A. Bullock up, came in first—streets ahead of *Royal Tan*, Mr. A. S. O'Brien up, followed by *Derrinstown*—miles behind — third, with A. Power riding him.

Book Diary - Cont.)

APRIL 11.

FOILS: Start of the Public Schools Fencing Championships at Dulwich College. Lord Coventry (right) was fancied for the sabre contest; talked to J. P. Smiley, son of Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley. They both represented Eton.

APRIL 12.

SPANISH AMBASSADOR: After presenting his credentials to the King at Buckingham Palace, the Duke of Primo de Rivera, new Spanish Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, was photographed with his Duchess .. the Spanish Embassy, Belgrave Square.

FOILS.

SPANISH AMBASSADOR.

..RIL 14.

'NATIONA.. SEQUEL: With Miss Joy Wel.. her constant rider —Gran.. National winner *Nickel C..* was out with the Surrey ..on, at their meet at Wot.. Hatch Hotel, near Dorki.. Congratulatory handsha.. on her mount's triumph ..as given the rider by joint-Ma..r Mr. R. W. Sewill. Right: ..e mare's owner, Mr. .. Royle, and wife.

..RIL 17.

FAIRFAX OF CAMERON—GUNSTON W..DDING: At St. Peter's, ..aton Square, Lord Fairfax .. Cameron married Miss Son.. Gunston, daughter of the lat.. ..aptain C. Gunston and of La.. Doris Gunston, of Burnham House, Sunningdale. Page and little bridesmaid are Guy Nevill and Jacqueline Birch.

'NATIONAL SEQUEL.

FAIRFAX OF CAMERON — GUNSTON WEDDING.

APRIL 17.

RENOIR: Wonderful show of Renoirs (some hitherto unshown) held at Marlborough Gallery in aid of Save the Children Fund and Youth Aliyah. The most important exhibition of work by a French impressionist for years; justified the excellent champagne. Left: Dorothy Lady Beatty, wartime ferry-pilot, examined *Femme en Bleu dans un Paysage*, 1900. Right: M. René Varin, O.B.E., opened the exhibition. He's Cultural Counsellor to French Embassy, and *Officier de la Légion d'Honneur*.

RENOIR.

Date-Book (Abroad)

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE.

DIPLOMATIC ART.

MARCH 12.

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE : Press peer Lord Camrose (right), cruising in his yacht *Virginia*, chatted on the quayside at Monte Carlo with Sir Ralph Gore, Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

MARCH 16.

DIPLOMATIC ART : John, son of Britain's Ambassador to France, Sir Oliver Harvey, had some exhibits on view at a recent show in a Paris Art Gallery. He's with stylised specimen of his sculpture.

BIG-GAME SHOT.

ITALIAN CALL.

MARCH 24.

BIG-GAME SHOT : A good tiger fell to the gun of thirty-one-year-old Maharajah of Bundi (Central India), who was congratulated by U.S. playwright Martin Flavin (in dazzle sports-shirt). The shoot was held during his five-day birthday celebrations given by Maharajah to guests and followers.

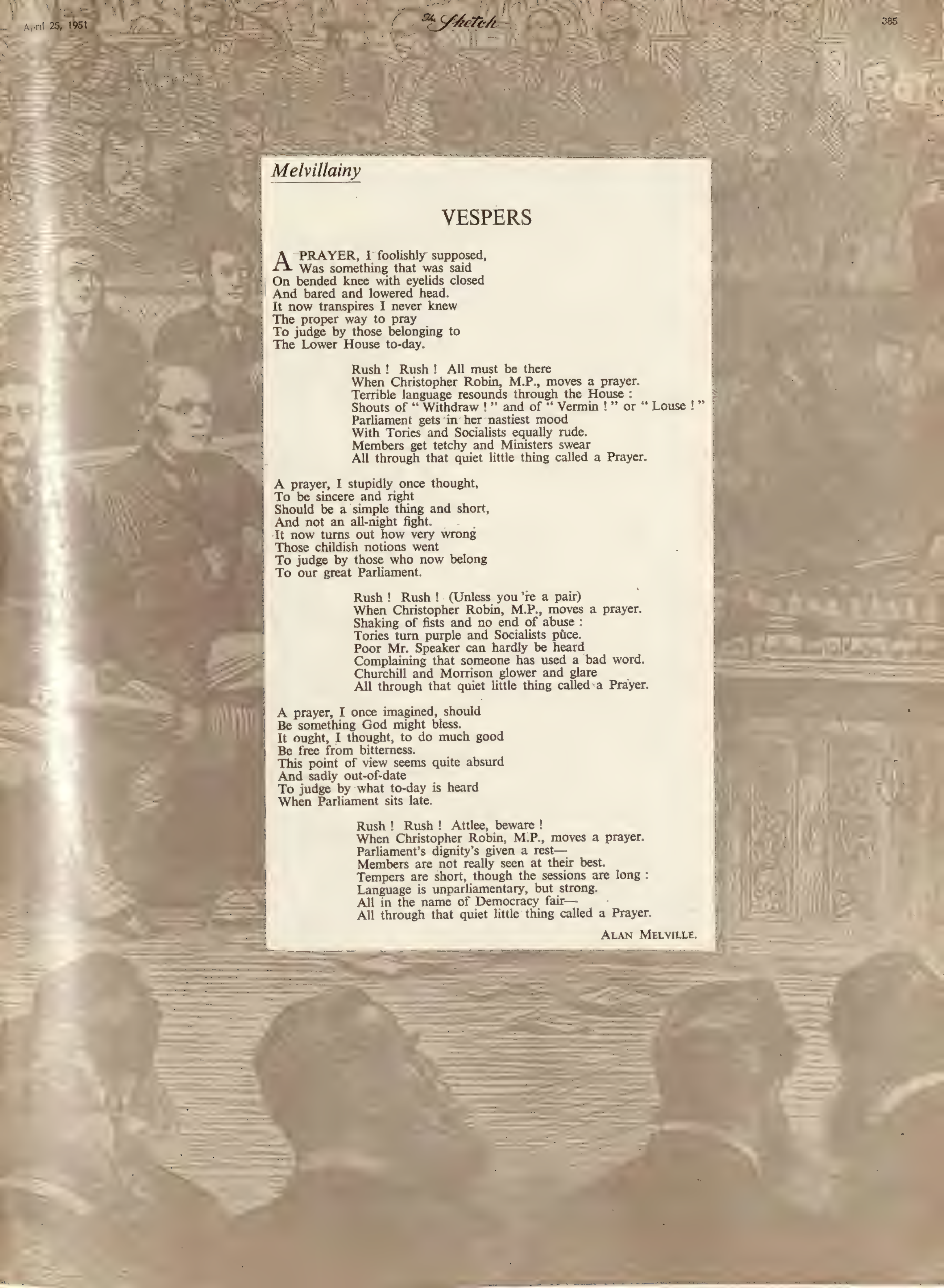
MARCH 28.

ITALIAN CALL : Also afloat in Lord Camrose's *Virginia* were his son, the Hon. Michael Berry and his wife Lady Pamela, with their children Harriet and Nicholas. They were cruising along the Italian coast.

ROYAL HOLIDAY.

APRIL 15.

ROYAL HOLIDAY : In garden of Villa Malbosc, Grasse, France, where the Duchess of Kent spent a holiday with her children. L. to r. : Princess Eugenie of Greece, Princess Tatiana Radziwill, her daughter, Edward, Duke of Kent, Prince Michael of Kent, Prince Georges Andre Radziwill, Princess Olga of Yugoslavia, her sister the Duchess of Kent, Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia, Prince Raymond della Torre e Taxis, and (hidden) daughter of the Duchess of Kent Princess Alexandra, who is convalescing from an adenoids operation.



Melvillainy

VESPERS

A PRAYER, I foolishly supposed,
Was something that was said
On bended knee with eyelids closed
And bared and lowered head.
It now transpires I never knew
The proper way to pray
To judge by those belonging to
The Lower House to-day.

Rush ! Rush ! All must be there
When Christopher Robin, M.P., moves a prayer.
Terrible language resounds through the House :
Shouts of " Withdraw ! " and of " Vermin ! " or " Louse ! "
Parliament gets in her nastiest mood
With Tories and Socialists equally rude.
Members get tetchy and Ministers swear
All through that quiet little thing called a Prayer.

A prayer, I stupidly once thought,
To be sincere and right
Should be a simple thing and short,
And not an all-night fight.
It now turns out how very wrong
Those childish notions went
To judge by those who now belong
To our great Parliament.

Rush ! Rush ! (Unless you 're a pair)
When Christopher Robin, M.P., moves a prayer.
Shaking of fists and no end of abuse :
Tories turn purple and Socialists pûce.
Poor Mr. Speaker can hardly be heard
Complaining that someone has used a bad word.
Churchill and Morrison glower and glare
All through that quiet little thing called a Prayer.

A prayer, I once imagined, should
Be something God might bless.
It ought, I thought, to do much good
Be free from bitterness.
This point of view seems quite absurd
And sadly out-of-date
To judge by what to-day is heard
When Parliament sits late.

Rush ! Rush ! Attlee, beware !
When Christopher Robin, M.P., moves a prayer.
Parliament's dignity's given a rest—
Members are not really seen at their best.
Tempers are short, though the sessions are long :
Language is unparliamentary, but strong.
All in the name of Democracy fair—
All through that quiet little thing called a Prayer.

ALAN MELVILLE.

Candid Cameo

JUDY GARLAND

By Paul Holt

WHEN Judy Garland, song-and-dance girl, stepped into the tender from the *Ile de France* and saw in front of her the noble anchorage of Plymouth Sound, topped by the greensward where Drake played a memorable game, she exclaimed :

" Gee ! After that Hollywood cement-mixer, this certainly looks good to me ! "

It was a *cri de cœur.* For Judy is a fugitive from films. She is running just as far and as fast as her shapely legs will take her. Hollywood did her dirt. It wrecked her health, made broken piano-wire of her nerves, broke her marriage, nearly stole her sanity, drove her to a pathetic attempt at suicide.

Was that Hollywood's fault ? Or was it Judy's ?

There are three versions of the story.

Judy's version is this : " I was born at the age of twelve on the M.-G.-M. lot. From that day to this they never stopped working me. They took away my childhood, took away my leisure. I 've never had time to play. It got so that I couldn't stand it any more."

To which Hollywood may with some justice reply : " Judy was a child performer in vaudeville for nine years before she came to us. She was born, in Grand Rapids, Minnesota, the youngest daughter of Frank and Ethel Gumm, vaudevillians. She went on the stage twice nightly at the age of three, singing ' Jingle Bells.' She then became the treble part of a close-harmony sister team with her two elder sisters, Virginia and Suzanne. When we spotted her, singing at a small theatre in Los Angeles in 1936, she was already a veteran trouper at the age of twelve. Since then she has made twenty-nine films in fifteen years—just under two films a year. That is under the normal amount of work a star expects to do. Why blame us ? "

Truth lies in the third version, as it was given to me by an old Hollywood friend of Judy's, who is living now in London.

" Judy," he said, " is a good girl, but she is too highly strung. She lets things happen to her, makes them bigger than they really are, then cries a foul. Hollywood is a high-tension place. You never let up for a minute out there. You never dare relax. But Judy felt more knives in her back than were ever aimed there. To break the tension she took to sleeping-pills and psychiatry. She took sleeping-pills in the daytime, to calm her down. And when she went to psychiatrists she didn't do what they told her to do. Every time a crisis came up in her life, she 'd run away from it. She 's running now."

The man who said that is very fond of her.

To sum up, Judy had too much of two things for Hollywood, where toughness is the only thing that really matters. She had too much temperament and too much talent. She is one of the really few " magical " performers the musical stage has thrown up since Gertie Lawrence was a girl. Her talent is too finely drawn for " the cement-mixer."

To meet her to-day you would find a woman both startled and a little overwhelmed by the warmth of London's reception. She is quite sincere in her surprise. She had forgotten a good deal about the commodity of affection.

She lights a cigarette and stubs it out, then looks at you and says, disarmingly, " Wasteful, aren't I ? " with a little smile that *might* suggest she is trying to laugh at herself for being such a fidget.

She stands 5 ft. 3 ins., weighs 8 st. 8 lb., which is 8 lb. too much according to Western standards. In Russia, I might say, they would find her sturdy young curves quite irresistible. She does not say her age (twenty-seven is my guess), and sh lies cheerfully about the diet she is taking to keep down he weight. To one questioner she will gravely state that she i on a fruit-and-cheese diet. To another she will boast happi that she ate a steak every day aboard the liner.

Judy's eyes are brown. Sometimes she wishes they we grey-green, for her hair is a Florentine red and the combinatio would give her a classic foundation to her beauty. Her colou is good and her movements, though sharp, are often qui beautiful.

The first film she ever made was called *Every Sunday Afternoo* and she played a small part in it with another girl who ha gone the plump way, Deanna Durbin. Whereas Miss Durbi made her light concert voice into a world asset, Garland ha even more to offer. For in her voice, which would be in n way remarkable in the execution of an aria, there is always hint of a tear. It was that curiously appealing quality, adde to her astonishingly fresh air of youth (a quality so much a pa of her make-up she will surely carry it with her, like all real lovely women do, into old age), that made her so endearing world cinema audiences.

There have been only half-a-dozen women on the scre who have had this ability to inspire love which is owned b Garland. Pickford, the Gish sisters, Garbo, Marie Dressle Carole Lombard are the only other ones that will come to my min

This theme of love is dominant in her story.

When she first sang " Over the Rainbow " in *The Wizard Oz,* she gained the love of the world, and has never really lo it. At the peak of her troubles crowds gathered in New Yo outside her hotel, shouting " We love you, Judy ! " When s arrived at Plymouth, ships sounded out " J-U-D-Y " in mo on their sirens. No other actress in the world has ever had welcome quite like that.

In one other thing she is out on her own, unique. Her r name is Frances Gumm. She chose Judy and she chose Garla after the famous New York critic Robert Garland. No oth actress in the history of the theatre has ever thought to na herself after a critic.

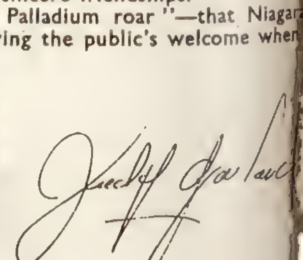
It makes her something special.

★

Who . . . Me?

I *COULD* tell Paul Holt a lot of places where he 's entirely wrong, bu too happy and too busy to argue. So let 's stick to to-day, and certainly *will* find a woman startled and a little bewildered by Lond reception. Show-wise people had told me that England likes to remem a star for her successes. Every moment I have spent here has helped m understand how true this is. It gives important impetus to a new car and for the rest of my life I will be able to look upon these weeks in Lon as a period of new encouragement and sincere friendships.

No performer can experience the " Palladium roar "—that Niagar noise rolling across the footlights, signifying the public's welcome when steps on the stage and approval when she exits—without being shaken. I hardly remember getting back to my dressing-room, but one word kept hammering in my mind, crystallising everything I felt : " Ecstatic—ecstatic—ecstatic ! " Then somebody handed me a cable from Danny Kaye. It read simply : " Now you know what it 's like."



Photomontage by Angus McBean.

JUDY GARLAND: A FUGITIVE FROM FILMS

Old Stagers

TAKE IT FROM US (Adelphi).
From Joy Nichols, Jimmy Edwards, and Dick Bentley.

LACE ON HER PETTICOAT (Ambassadors).
The daughters of the Marchioness and the milliner meet in the Scotland of 1885.

SEAGULLS OVER SORRENTO (Apollo).
A naval mixture: comedy and drama on an islet in the Orkneys.

KISS ME, KATE Coliseum).
An assured American musical piece (Cole Porter score), with some Shakespearean help.

WHO IS SYLVIA? (Criterion).
Terence Rattigan's light comedy flicks amiably across three periods.

CAROUSEL (Drury Lane).
June still bustin' out all over in the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical play.

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY (Duchess).
The best domestic play in London is now in its last weeks.

POINT OF DEPARTURE (Duke of York's).
Theatrical vigour in Anouilh's controversial play.

TO DOROTHY, A SON (Garrick).
Roger MacDougall's blithe bubble-babble of comedy.

RING ROUND THE MOON (Globe).
Paul Scofield as a pair of French twins in the Fry-adapted, Brook-produced charade.

BLUE FOR A BOY (His Majesty's).
Fred Emney, Richard Hearne, in skirts and out.

THE LITTLE HUT (Lyric).
Three castaways—one of them Robert Morley—frivol on a tropical island.

MAN AND SUPERMAN (New.)
Kay Hammond chases John Clements from Surrey to Spain. Text by Shaw.

KING'S RHAPSODY (Palace).
The late Ivor Novello's romantic musical play, with its fine cast.

DEAR MISS PHŒBE (Phœnix).
Barrie set harmlessly to music.

HIS EXCELLENCY (Piccadilly).
Donald Wolfit as the ex-stevedore who becomes H.E. the Governor of Salva.

THE SEVENTH VEIL (Princes).
The Play of the Film, carried along by the sincerity of Ann Todd and Leo Genn.

GAY'S THE WORD (Saville).
So it is—and Cicely Courtneidge leads the gaiety.

WILL ANY GENTLEMAN? (Strand).
The hunting of the Hare.

KNIGHTS OF MADNESS (Victoria Palace).
The Crazy Gang—all over the place.

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS (Wyndham's).
Joyce Redman and Naunton Wayne are At Home.

AT THE THEATRE . .

★ First Choice ★

WHO GOES THERE!

(Vaudeville)

SHE was a chambermaid from Dublin. Her name was Christina Deed ("Miss Deed," said the dramatist, shaking with laughter), and she loved a Guardsman: a young man called Arthur, with a strong sense of duty, a very fine stamp-and-salute, and an objection to meeting his friends while on guard at St. James's Palace. Arthur's sense of duty crumpled a little when he came to consider his engagement to Christina. He had fallen in love, at a distance, with Another Person, and he wrote hastily to Dublin to break his promise. Miss Deed, who thought this hardly good enough, appeared at once from Eire and fainted by Arthur's sentry-box. Which is why (if you follow me) Christina found herself dumped in the Lobby Room of a "Grace and Favour" house at St. James's Palace, and why, too, for a few hours it seemed unlikely that a diplomatist would leave for his new job at Baffin Bay.

This is not, I hasten to agree, a perfectly accurate reflection of life near St. James's Palace. But the people are charming. While Miles Cornwall contemplates the Arctic Circle; while his sister is finding her life strung into double-knots; while their father is popping about to funerals; while Arthur Crisp is snapping to attention, and Miss Deed is playing Peg-o'-my-heart and puss-in-the-corner, no one will call anxiously for the harsher realism. What somebody may need, perhaps, is more substance in plot and dialogue. Several lines ("Washington, the very heart of our great Empire") are extremely funny; others less so. The dramatist, John Dighton, seems to have put them all into the bag, and the play, with the russet Tudor brick of St. James's Palace for a background, and scarlet and bearskins for adornment, becomes a kind of fantastic lucky dip.

Still, light comedies of any quality are scarce. Though Mr. Dighton may not have conceived this on the happiest day of his life, it is most agreeable second-best, and the acting must certainly please. There is no call yet to say more of Geraldine McEwan ("the new girl," as the gallery saluted her, friendly-fashion, on the first night), than that here she is clearly the right actress in the right part. She presents a snuggling, purring colleen, bred on the banks of the Blarney River. Nigel Patrick, destined after all for the edge of the Arctic Circle, and Frances Rowe (as his sister) feather easily through the piece; Victor Adams is plausibly a flustered ramrod; H. G. Stoker looks in at beginning and end with accustomed benevolence; and Anthony Sharp is the sort of officer doomed, when he talks of "the Brigade," to get the flippant reply, "Fire, Church Lads, or Ambulance?"

Frances Rowe as Alex Cornwall

Anthony Sharp as Guy Ashley

with J. C. TREWIN

H. G. Stoker as Sir Ralph Cornwall

Victor Adams as Arthur

Nigel Patrick as Miles & Geraldine McEwan as Christina

HENRY IV, PART ONE
(Stratford-upon-Avon)

OLIVIER'S Hotspur is still first; but Michael Redgrave, at Stratford, now comes uncommonly close. This "hot Lord Percy" burns through the action; Redgrave craftily manipulates the Northumbrian accent used here, instead of the familiar stammer, as an interpretation of "speaking thick." I am heretic enough to dislike Falstaff's sallies on the field of Shrewsbury; and I have never wished more urgently that the famous scene between Hotspur and the Prince could be shorn of the fat knight's comic relief. True, Anthony Quayle understands the part; but I get more pleasure from the historical-romantic side of the chronicle than from its humours. Harry Andrews's King and Richard Burton's Hal, no mere playboy of Eastcheap, are finely in key; I shall not forget either the Glendower (Hugh Griffith) or the imaginatively-spoken Lady Percy of Barbara Jefford.

SHAVINGS
(St. Martin's)

IT sounds almost like a touring revue. Why not speak simply of a Shaw Triple Bill? This is an in-and-out evening. *The Man of Destiny* is that tedious anecdote about the young Napoleon; I am sorry to say that the acting increases the tedium. Fortunately, *The Dark Lady of the Sonnets*—topical this year—has much more fluency and attack. Griffith Jones's Shakespeare is the soul of alertness and a man who knows the value of his family tree; and Ellen Pollock has the touch for Elizabeth. We end with the elementary man-and-superman sketch, *Village Wooing*, now thrown off amusingly by Rosamund John as the young woman of destiny (with the ringing tone), and Griffith Jones as the "Marco Polo man" for whom we can feel only a profound sympathy.

HIS EXCELLENCY
(Piccadilly)

THERE has been a change in the Governorship of Salva, troubled island in the Mediterranean. Donald Wolfit, now installed (and taking a rest from blank verse), makes a really likeable figure of the ex-stevedore who finds that he is a proconsul in the Monesta Palace. Acting on broader lines than Eric Portman, he is no less expert in getting across the rough-neck humanity and humour in the part, and the man's sincere obstinacy. Wolfit now has Michael Shepley as his Lieutenant-Governor; it is a course in timing and projection to watch the pair battling in some of the play's tugs-of-war. Others in a cast much as before will see the Dorothy-and-Campbell Christie play safely into its second year. Eleven months have not injured Philip Leaver's Chief of Police: he is more like that over-ripe blood-orange than ever.

Next Stage

WE have now fuller details of the Alec Guinness *Hamlet* (New, May 17), one of the major events of the Festival season. Walter Fitzgerald, back from India, is to be the Claudius, and Lydia Sherwood the Queen; Alan Webb, direct from the ill-fated *A Penny for a Song*, the Polonius; and Ingrid Burke, who was so good in another luckless play, *The King of Friday's Men*, the Ophelia. Others are Michael Gough (Laertes), Stanley Holloway (as the First Gravedigger, which he acted in the Olivier film), and Robert Urquhart (Horatio); while Ken Tynan becomes, appropriately, "he that plays the King," or First Player. Frank Hauser joins Guinness in the production, and Mariano Andreu, who did the sets for Gielgud's Stratford *Much Ado About Nothing*, is designing décor and costumes. *Man and Superman*, so successful at the New, will move to another theatre.

THE GOLDEN JOURNEY

The cast of Flecker's *Hassan* (Cambridge, May 9) is also complete. Besides André Huguenet as Hassan, we are to have in some of the principal parts Hilda Simms as Pervaneh, Elizabeth Sellars as Yasmin, Laurence Harvey as Rafi, Laurence Hardy—one of the Edinburgh Festival successes last year—as Ishak, and Frederick Valk as the Caliph. That week is going to be one of the most remarkable in the theatre for years. It opens with the D'Oyly Carte Company at the Savoy and Danny Kaye at the Palladium on May 7, and proceeds to *Henry IV., Part Two* (Stratford, May 8), *Hassan* (May 9), *Cæsar and Cleopatra* (St. James's, May 10), *Antony and Cleopatra* (St. James's, May 11). And the New Boltons adds to the congestion by staging H. M. Harwood and Fryn Tennyson Jesse's *A Pin to see the Peep-show* on May 8.

THE NEW FRY

Denholm Elliott, Hugh Pryse, Leonard White and Stanley Baker are the four prisoners in *A Sleep of Prisoners*, Christopher Fry's new play for performance in churches. It was originally to have come, in Michael MacOwan's production, to St. John's, Waterloo Road; but arrangements have been changed, and it will appear now—for at least a month from May 15, on Sundays as well as week-days—at St. Thomas's, Regent Street.

GETTING AROUND

The Three Sisters, with its superb cast (Sir Ralph Richardson, Celia Johnson, Margaret Leighton, Renée Asherson, Diana Churchill), begins at the Aldwych on May 3. . . . Marie Löhr succeeds Margaret Rutherford in *Ring Round the Moon* early in May. . . . *The Merry Wives of Windsor* enters the Old Vic repertory on May 31.

OUR BOOKSHELF

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

FATHER GOOSE. By Chapman Mortimer. (*Hart-Davis ; 9s. 6d.*)

THE END OF THE CORRIDOR. By Michael Meyer. (*Collins ; 9s. 6d.*)

MR. AND MRS. BEETON. By H. Montgomery Hyde. (*Harrap ; 10s. 6d.*)

REGENCY PORTRAIT PAINTER. By Douglas Goldring. (*Macdonald ; 21s.*)

MR. MORTIMER seeks to gain effect by a curious and rather naïve kind of obscurity. His book consists of two short stories told by, or to, a group of beings round a lonely well in a bare Indian landscape. These beings consist of Father Goose himself, of whom we know no more than that he is a comatose giant, Bluey and John Owl, a pair of disputants who, at one point, appear likely to be English but may be fish or fowl for all one gathers, a new arrival called the crab man, a man who has taken up residence in the well, and the well itself. By explaining nothing the author achieves a sort of chuckling nightmare in which any object, inanimate or living, may find a voice, and in which "almost anything is rather more than likely to happen."

The stories themselves are more conventional, and for all the tricks and graces with which they are told, the arguments they cause and the Indian atmospherics they emanate, they do not cease to be stories of the kind which in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries writers did very much better than we can, and which James Morier would have considered rather *vieux jeu* when he was writing the *Adventures of Hajji Baba* in the early 1820's. A soldier comes on leave to his village, for instance, with a love charm so potent that he has only to touch his forehead with it to cause any female creature to fall hopelessly in love with him. He hopes thus to attract the daughter of a rich merchant, but unfortunately it is one of his own water-buffalo cows which sees him first and there are comic sequels. The other story is less frivolous. There is a winking familiarity about the whole thing: an amusing impudence which goes far to compensate for its occasional ostentatiousness.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

PROVIDENCE PONDS.
By Stanley D. Porteous. (*Harrap ; 10s. 6d.*)

Story of a pioneering family in the Australian wilds.

PRISCILLA.
By Jan Laing. (*Werner Laurie ; 10s. 6d.*)

Priscilla is a foundling who entered the Foundling Hospital in 1758. The author goes back and forward in her life with some skill and a feeling for period.

FAIR WIND TO JAVA.
By Garland Roark. (*Falcon Press ; 12s. 6d.*)

The author of a novel on which, say the publishers, was based a film "starring John Wayne," now turns to Boston and the Dutch East Indies in the 1880's. The reader can guess for himself who will be starred in this one.

THE GREEN HUNTSMAN.
Being the First Book of Lucien Leuwen by Stendhal. (*Lehmann ; 10s. 6d.*)

This is the first English translation to be published of Stendhal's unfinished novel.

BEYOND THE EAGLE'S RAGE.
By Hugh Popham. (*Bodley Head ; 9s. 6d.*)

English family holiday in Switzerland disturbed by escaped Nazi war criminals who hold as hostage an attractive German girl. It has, as the publishers say, "all the ingredients of a first-class film"; indeed, it's more C. A. Lejeune's pigeon than mine.

MR. MEYER'S *The End of the Corridor* is that essay about boyhood and school which most young men with literary ambitions write, but few, fortunately for themselves in later life, see published. Its careful prose is the most mature thing about it, for it consists of a number of character sketches, written with grim thoroughness, of a nurse, a variety of schoolmasters, and schoolboys. The book's only piece of writing which can properly be called fiction comes at the end when there are some schoolgirlish scenes at a boys' public school. Here an attempt is made at last to interpret character through speech and action, and not just to introduce an endless series of people by long descriptive passages about them. A certain Nanny Polly, we are told, played a major part in the life of Adrian, the book's protagonist, so there are twenty pages about her. The proprietors of his preparatory school get about five pages each and the various assistant masters a paragraph apiece. The senior assistant master at Adrian's public school is lucky enough to secure a couple of thousand words, while each of the boys who meet in one assistant master's room is given his quota of description. But what is it all in aid of? Having brought forward these people, Mr. Meyer forgets them and none of them can be said to play any part in the story because, properly speaking, there is none. Some of these explanatory notes about masters and pupils are pithy and entertaining, and one boy recounts a ghastly experience of his during his boyhood, an experience which is oddly credible; but none of these bits and pieces hang together. The mistake, it seems to me, was to call this not unpromising book a novel.

IN his Foreword to Dr. Hyde's book, *Mr. and Mrs. Beeton*, the late Sir Mayson Beeton, the culinary expert's son, who lived to be eighty-two and died in 1947, says that Lytton Strachey wanted to write a biography of his mother and "searched in vain for sufficient particulars of her career on which to base it," yet this is the second joint biography of Samuel and Isobella Beeton to appear in three years. It is a brief, interesting record of the two careers of Beeton the publisher and Mrs. Beeton the compiler of *The Book of Household Management*. Neither of these covered many years. Isobella gained her experience of household management from being the eldest in a family of twenty-one children, a widower and widow, each with four children: marrying and then producing together a family of thirteen. Her stepfather was Clerk of the Course at Epsom, and housed a detachment of his family under the grandstand, where, it appears, the future authoress was in command. Samuel Beeton was for some time a successful publisher who made a small fortune out of the first English edition of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and afterwards issued the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine* and a number of boys' periodicals. The material for the vast bulk of Isobella's standard work was collected in a surprisingly short time, and the recipes sent in by readers were tried out at the couple's home at Pinner. It was an instantaneous success and revised versions of it have continued to sell briskly to this day, but many modern readers will agree with Harriet Martineau, who wrote to Isobella "the parts we like least are the instructions in Manners and in Medical matters." Isobella died in giving birth to a son. She was less than twenty-nine years old. A bank failure ruined her husband, whose publishing ventures were taken over by another firm. Litigation and disease disturbed the twelve years by which he outlived his wife. Dr. Hyde writes shrewdly but a little scantily of all this. Other contemporary figures with whom the couple must have had acquaintance scarcely seem to appear, and some of the details of Samuel's later career are rather perfunctorily given. However, the book should stand beside the bulkier handbook it recalls.

ANOTHER very different kind of biography is Mr. Douglas Goldring's *Regency Portrait Painter: The Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence*. Here the difficulty must have been an excess rather than a shortage of material, and only a very skilled biographer with a deep interest in his subject and a wide knowledge of his period could have produced this book, one of the ablest lives of an artist to be written in England for several decades. Lawrence was the son of a Bristol excise supervisor who did the thing which has attracted so many imaginative men to ruin—took over an inn. Failing at Bristol, he tried, and again failed, at Devizes, and thereafter was content to act as agent and salesman for his son, who was becoming celebrated as a boy prodigy. This was the background, with a strong suggestion of Dickens about it, from which the future President of the Royal Academy emerged, and Mr. Goldring traces his story upwards without fuss or haste, so that we watch his mounting triumphs with interest. Naturally enough, the famous friendship with Mrs. Siddons and the lifelong romantic preoccupation it produced is candidly recalled, but it is no blind hero-worship which makes Mr. Goldring say: "No man was ever more loyal to his parents and his family, to his friends, to his art and to the women he loved." His life-story proves it.

Our painters have been less fortunate in their biographers than our writers and politicians, and until now justice has not been done to this one. This is hard to understand, for Lawrence makes a splendid subject, a fine, scrupulous, romantic man and a very great artist. Mr. Goldring has made to his memory an *amende honorable*.

A LINE ON TOPOLSKI

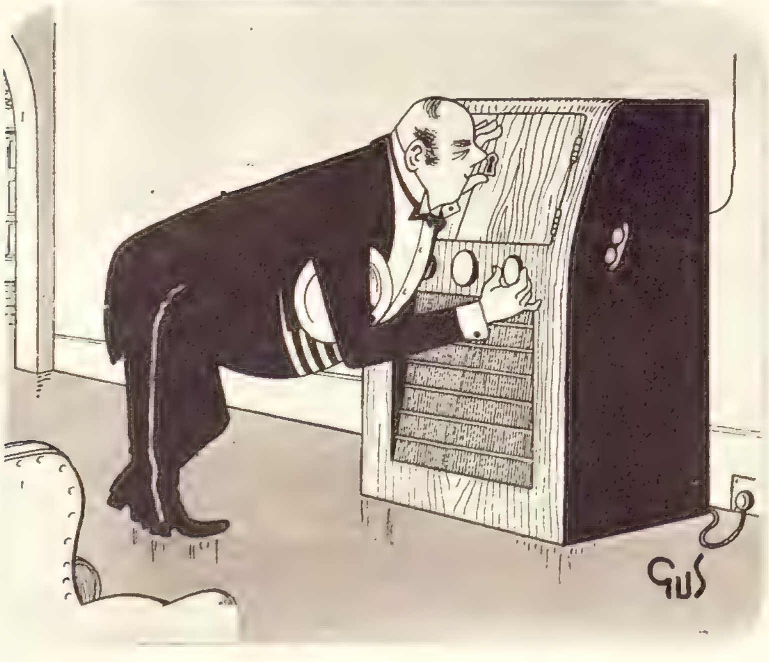
THESE specimens of the work of the vital Feliks Topolski come from his latest book, *88 Pictures*, published by Methuen at 42s. Though the emphasis is on his new pictures, older drawings are also given—the result being an effort to assess his general achievement. *Top:* WEST END HOTEL (1947); *centre left:* MONKEYS (1949); *right:* CHURCHILL: detail, (1948): *below:* EAST END MARKET (1946).

WHEN IN ROME . . .

FROM Malta Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh went to Rome for a two-weeks stay, and paid a private visit to the Pope, the Princess wearing the traditional formal black dress. T.R.H. were attended by Mr. J. S. Somers Cocks, Chargé d'Affaires at the British Legation to the Holy See, Major Martin Charteris, the Princess's private secretary, and Lady Palmer, her Lady-in-Waiting. The Royal party was received with full ceremony and enthusiasm wherever they went. *Right:* After cheers and a song from 1000 boys of an orphanage on the outskirts of the city, one of them—six-year-old Luigi Parmigiani—praised her Royal Highness, with truly Latin gesture, in the Roman dialect. With the Princess was Sir Francis d'Arcy Godolphin Osbourne, former British Minister to the Holy See.

A scene from *Cæsar's Wife*, yet another of Somerset Maugham's plays to be successfully televised. Barbara Couper, Marjorie Manning, John Longden, Arthur Young, in the play's most ironical scene.

Edward tells his brothers the family fortune has a foundation of lies and dishonesty. From Harley Granville Barker's *The Voysey Inheritance*. David Markham (Edward), Willoughby Gray, John Stevens, and Michael Hordern.



TELEVISION

by CYRIL BUTCHER

LOOKING AROUND

IS the staffing of television a matter about which the viewer should interest and concern himself? Or is it a purely internal affair, of moment only to the clam-lipped oligarchy of the B.B.C.? It would appear that the latter view is held by George Barnes, Director of Television, for when we asked for a few minutes with him in which to discuss the broad official policy as regards staff appointments, we were rewarded by a message that he preferred not to comment on the matter. Which is a pity, because we always try, in these pages, to see the other chap's point of view and give it an equal airing to our own comment. But it 's a bit hard to be fair when the other chap won't say what his point of view is.

Our request to Mr. Barnes had, of course, arisen from the announcement of the forthcoming displacement of Cecil Madden as Head of Children's Programmes, an appointment he has been holding down so successfully over the past months, in an "acting" capacity. Here was a staff change that hit the headlines and was somewhat outside the normal *va et vient* of personnel within the B.B.C. It was a change that obviously pointed to an alteration in the quality of the Children's Programmes, and as such we consider that the viewing public had every reason to be interested and concerned. What was the reason for this astonishing move? As Mr. Barnes won't tell us, he cannot complain if we speculate.

To begin with, there can be no suggestion that Mr. Madden is unequal to the position. The body of critical opinion has been unanimous in its praise of the excellence of these programmes, and the credit for working up this very major contribution to television from scratch has rightly been given to him. Obviously the right man was in the right job; and, let it not be forgotten, a man of vast experience. Mr. Madden was the very first of television producers, and has kept pace with each phase of the medium's development. He is to be replaced by Miss Freda Lingstrom, Assistant Head of School Broadcasting, who was reported in one newspaper as not even being the possessor of a television set. Admittedly she was the creator of Andy Pandy, the very young viewers' pin-up boy, but that one swallow does not begin to make a summer of television experience. Yet Mr. Madden is out and Miss Lingstrom is in. Why? There must be a good reason. What is it? Why can't we be told?

Is Miss Lingstrom's present appointment a hint? Are the Children's Programmes about to cease being entertainment and become just an extra hour of school? We forecast a howl of resentment from the young idea if that happens. At the moment, they weigh in with over 3000 letters a week, of appreciation and comment. Can television risk alienating this vast young audience? No doubt the public will be told the answers to all these questions at the convenience of the oligarchy.

Meanwhile we take this opportunity of wishing Miss Lingstrom well, when she comes to taking up her new duties. Also we record our appreciation of Mr. Madden's sporting gesture of staying on with the Children's Programmes for the time being, to help her along.

His is not the only head that has been lying uneasily of late. Our association with television being close as it is, we cannot help hearing its rumours. And one of the more persistent is that the Sound boys and girls, having at last realised that television is here to stay and will indeed largely supplant the elder medium, are preparing to move in. Well, there certainly are some first-rate brains in Sound, and Television will not be the loser by incorporating them. But let these ladies and gentlemen please be a little more humble than they appear to be. Judging by what we hear, the newcomers would be quite happy to transfer at their present high levels and airily claim to be able to adapt themselves to television technique in no time at all! At the moment, this is merely a rumour. We shall watch with interest.

It is not through lack of trying that the ideal way to televise classical music has yet to be found. Recently Mewton-Wood played Tchaikovsky's Pianoforte Concerto No. 2, with Eric Robinson conducting.

Young Hymie gets a watch as a coming-of-age present. A happy scene from Sylvia Regan's *The Golden Door.* June Rodney, John Levitt, Selma Vaz Dias, Stella Richman, Fred Berger.

LOOKING BACK

WHAT went wrong with the television version of Harley Granville Barker's famous play, *The Voysey Inheritance*? Campbell Logan's direction was excellent; the performances left little to be desired; and yet . . . and yet we were rather bored with the whole thing, largely because of the lack of cohesion of the play itself. The basic plot—the father's sin of financial embezzlement being visited upon the son—is quite enough for one play. But the author, echoing his period, the beginning of the century, when over-elaboration, over-decoration and knicknackery were the order of the day, dragged in so many red herrings (such as internecine family contretemps) that the modern audience is rightly bewildered and rightly bored. Those aforementioned performances came chiefly from David Markham, Michael Hordern, Allan Jeayes, Louise Hampton, and Christopher Steele.

What was left of *The Golden Door*, by Sylvia Regan—after a whole act was cut from it to make room for some uninspired boxing—was also a rambling play, but in this case each of the side issues was closely related to the main theme: the gradual absorption of a Jewish refugee family into American life. Once again Eric Fawcett turned in a beautifully polished production. He had in his cast a company of unusually sincere players, who were excellent without exception. Perhaps, though, one ought to single out Selma Vaz Dias and Fred Berger for special mention.

By way of contrast to all this loose knitting, there was Somerset Maugham's *Cæsar's Wife*—and there is nothing loose about Mr. Maugham's playmaking. Not a scene, not a word is wasted; everything fits exquisitely into the pattern—in this case the conflict between love and duty. Fine writing generally produces fine acting, and the two leading characters were superbly handled by John Longden, as the middle-aged High Commissioner so desperately in love with his young wife, and Veronica Hurst, as the said young wife who wrestles successfully with her passion for a young diplomat of her own age (played rather woodenly by Brian Nissen). There was, too, a delicious performance by Barbara Couper in a minor rôle. Harold Clayton produced in a perfectly straightforward manner, which was the right one for this play.

Stephen Harrison also allowed Robert Morley's *Goodness, How Sad* to tell itself with the minimum of fuss. It is a typical actor-dramatist's play, set in provincial theatrical circles, all the characters slightly overdrawn, some laughter, a few tears, and a more or less happy ending. There were no great acting opportunities, but Carol Marsh, Avice Landone and James Carney ambled through the story pleasantly enough, while Mary Merrall was surely the most theatrical theatrical landlady of all time.

In Variety, once you 've got good artists, you 've got a good show. So with Larry Adler, Paul Draper and Mildred Joanna Smith in the cast, it is scarcely surprising that Henry Caldwell's "The Magic Carpet" was most satisfying entertainment. We could have done with rather fewer camera tricks from Mr. Caldwell—but that, perhaps, is being hypercritical.

LOOKING AHEAD

DON'T forget May 3, when the Festival of Britain's opening ceremony will be broadcast from St. Paul's, together with the King's inaugural speech from the steps of the Cathedral. Thereafter, O.B.s are going to be very busy people. Apart from the Festival, they will be covering items like the Rugby League Cup Final (May 5), the Pageant of Jewels and Fashions from the Dorchester Hotel (May 9) and, on May 19, the M.C.C. *v.* South Africa Test Match from Lord's, and some of the England *v.* France Davis Cup matches from Wimbledon.

Other interesting dates:

May 6 and 10.—Shaw's *Saint Joan,* with Constance Cummings, Alan Wheatley and Leon Quartermaine. Production: Val Gielgud and Kevin Sheldon.

May 9 and 13.—*The Tempest,* specially adapted for the Children.

May 10.—Children's version of "In the News" programme, entitled "Junior Wranglers."

May 12.—First of a six-part serialisation of Trollope's *The Warden.* Production: Campbell Logan.

May 13 and 17.—*Juno and the Paycock,* by Sean O'Casey, Eric Fawcett producing.

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE

Veronica Hurst, for her moving performance as Violet, the love-tortured heroine of Somerset Maugham's *Cæsar's Wife.* It was a brilliant portrait of a young woman caught between the dictates of her heart and those of duty.

Drawn by Bert Thomas

"I'LL WHAT FROM YOUR SOLICITORS?"

STAGE.—Sir Barry Jackson, a great man of the British theatre, for his courage in reviving such a rarity as Shakespeare's *King Henry the Sixth, Part Two,* at the Birmingham Repertory

J. C. Trewin

LITERATURE.—L. P. Hartley, for his delicate mixture of fantasy and realism in *The Travelling Grave and Other Stories.*

CHOICE OF THE MONTH

Selected by our Panel of Experts

RADIO.—Michael Barsley, for making his atmospheric "Innocent Abroad" features about his Oriental travel both foreign and funny.

Frederick Laws

SCREEN.—Arthur Kennedy, American stage and screen actor, for his almost flawless performance in *Lights Out* of the blinded soldier, struggling to adjust himself to a life without sight.

C A Lejeune

★ ★ ★ AT THE

REVIEWS by C. A. LEJEUNE

"LIGHTS OUT"

I AM not one of those people who insist that films about factual problems should rigidly exclude all fiction; I rather like a dash of romance with my documentaries. Perhaps that is why I seem to have enjoyed *Lights Out* better than many of my colleagues, who compared it, to its disadvantage, with another American film, *The Men*, and a fine little documentary of our own called *The Undefeated*—both of them also studies of the work done in the training and rehabilitation of men disabled in the war.

Lights Out, as its title suggests, is about the blinded. The hero is a young sergeant who gets a bullet through the optic nerve in the Tunisian campaign, and is flown home to the U.S. Army Hospital at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania. There he is taught to develop his other senses to act as a substitute for sight; to "see" through his hands and feet, ears and brain; to become aware of solid objects with what is described to him by the instructor as a "sort of supersonic radar—everybody has it, but people with sight don't use it."

The second half of *Lights Out* takes the sergeant home on leave to his native Florida, and catches very well indeed, I thought, the feeling of insecurity and bewilderment that a man suffers on coming out of hospital into a world of active, healthy people. He is embarrassed by his mother's tears, and the neighbours' well-meaning fussing; he is acutely aware that the rich young woman he is engaged to marry pities him even more than she loves him. He wants to be independent and make a career for himself, to study and become a lawyer, and he feels the need of a companion who will work *with* him, and not, however sympathetically, *for* him. In the end, to the relief of his fiancée and immense delight of everybody in the audience, he breaks off his engagement and goes back, like a homing pigeon, to the nice girl who has been eyes to a hundred blind men in a U.S.O. canteen.

Sentimental? Perhaps. But will the public care? I don't think so. *Jane Eyre* was sentimental, and so was *The Light that Failed*, and millions of people have cried happy tears over these stories of blinded men and the women who loved them. The main thing in a romance of this kind is that it should be well acted, and *Lights Out* is acted with great felicity and compassion. Arthur Kennedy, as the sergeant, gives a performance that can hardly be faulted, and Peggy Dow is altogether charming; no tearing beauty, but something so much better: the sort of girl it would seem comforting to know.

★

"THE BROWNING VERSION"

UNTIL I read my friend Freda Bruce-Lockhart's review in *The Tatler*, I thought I was the only critic in London—the only person, almost—who had reservations about the merits of *The Browning Version*. Every time I dared to suppose that certain parts are oddly miscast, that the ending is an error of judgment, and the film as a whole not as good as the play, I was greeted with black looks.

Everyone, I was told, loved *The Browning Version*; by which it was meant that the film was meeting with extraordinary success at the Odeon. This is undoubtedly true, and I don't question for a moment that it will meet with equal success all up and down the country. But I would diffidently point out that "everybody" has always loved *The Browning Version*. This very human story of the henpecked, cuckolded, frustrated failure of a schoolmaster, who is belatedly encouraged by a small gift from a small boy to assert his manhood, is just the stuff to delight the sporting British public. Terence Rattigan's play has been done on the professional stage, the amateur stage, on sound broadcasting and television, before it ever became a picture, and in every case it has proved itself capable of arousing in an audience a peculiar and sustained affection. Of course the film will be a success. It couldn't fail to be. But we should be careful, I think, to distinguish between the success of the film as a film, and the success of *The Browning Version* as an idea.

What detracts from *The Browning Version* as a film is the new ending, in which Crocker-Harris stands up in front of the assembled school, staff and parents, and confesses that he has degraded a noble calling. Not only is the speech itself embarrassing and out of character, but the incident provides a false climax after the true climax of the scene in which the boy breaks down the master's reserve with his trifling gift of the Browning version of the *Agamemnon*. The play was very careful *not* to say what Crocker-Harris said when he rose to his feet on speech-day; and the play was right.

Michael Redgrave gives a careful, polished performance as Crocker-Harris, which should satisfy everybody who enjoys educated acting, and has not seen Eric Portman in the part. Young Brian Smith deserves more notice than he has got for his happy playing of the schoolboy; Nigel Patrick does all that can be done with the part of the philandering science master (practically nothing). But the portrait of a headmaster beats that very good character-actor, Wilfred Hyde-White; and generous young Jean Kent is no more like a common-room grass-widow than I am like the Archbishop of Titipu.

"LIGHTS OUT."—Blinded war veteran Larry Nevins (Arthur Kennedy) "sees" Judy Greene's face (Peggy Dow) through his sensitive hands.

FILMS IN BRIEF

"FATHER'S LITTLE DIVIDEND"—A sequel to *Father of the Bride*, with Spencer Tracy watching with horrified fascination the female to-do attendant on the birth of his first grandchild. Funny and affecting in places, but neither so funny nor so affecting as its predecessor.

"TEA FOR TWO"—*No, No, Nanette* with Technicolor, a new score, a new book, and the best of the old tunes, sung in her own fashion by the cheerful Doris Day.

"TRAVELLER'S JOY"—Straightforward film version of the stage comedy about a handful of English tourists stranded in Stockholm, without enough currency to pay their hotel bills. Googie Withers has the Yvonne Arnaud part; Dora Bryan the best fun as a Swedish chambermaid.

"UNWANTED WOMEN"—A painful and often profoundly moving account of life in a D.P. camp, centred round the story of a Yugoslav girl who tries to keep the secret of her pregnancy from the authorities, and dies in childbirth. Beautifully played by Valentina Cortese, Françoise Rosay and others; dialogue in Italian, French, German and English.

"LOST YOUTH"—A startling and unforgettable performance by Jacques Sernas as a beautiful boy-killer, in a police romance designed to illustrate the awful increase in crime with violence among the young people of Italy's professional and "privileged" classes.

"THE BROWNING VERSION."—Crocker-Harris (Michael Redgrave) expresses pleasure to wife (Jean Kent) and science master Hunter (Nigel Patrick) that boy Taplow's parting present to him is Browning's translation of *Agamemnon*.

CINEMA ★ ★ ★

PREVIEW

BORN YESTERDAY is the film version of the successful Broadway and London stage comedy of a few years ago. The story concerns Harry Brock, millionaire junk-dealer, and his beautiful dumb-blonde girl friend, Billie Dawn, whom he uses as an unwitting stooge in his various crooked deals. Brock comes to Washington, D.C., to manipulate a huge international deal; but, aware of Billie's ignorance and lack of social graces, decides to engage a tutor to improve her general knowledge and chooses a journalist, Paul Verrall, for the job. The only thing education does for Billie, however, is to make her fall in love with Paul and, eventually, to get "wise" to Harry—to his extreme mortification. June Holliday has the part of Billie, for which performance, incidentally, she has just won the Hollywood Oscar for the best actress of 1950. William Holden plays Paul, and Broderick Crawford the rôle of junk-dealer Harry Brock. The London première is at the Odeon, Leicester Square, to-morrow, April 26.

Right: Dumb-blonde Billie Dawn (June Holliday) takes a lesson from her tutor, Paul Verrall (William Holden).

Below: Junk-dealer Harry Brock (Broderick Crawford; right) with his crook partners.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . .

MLLE. RENÉE SIX : For being an A1 airwoman at the age of seventeen.

RENÉE SIX is said to be France's youngest feminine aviator. She's a member of the Cannes Aero Club, and rapidly qualified for her pilot's and navigator's badges. She was photographed just before taking off on a flight to mark the passing of a fresh stage in her air career.

MR. JESSE ROOPE : For taking the noise out of music practice.

IT was a night-strumming, sleep-destroying musician who caused music lecturer Mr. Jesse Roope to make research as to how to practise without sound. He succeeded, with the outfit shown. The operator can hear his own music, but Mr. Roope's gadgets insulate to the public the loudest piano, violin, trumpet, or other instrument. Music students can practise till all 's blue without annoying anyone. The outfit costs £10, and is really worth its weight in gold.

ANN WRIGG, who adores horses : For being chosen to represent Lady Godiva in Coventry's pageant.

WHEN asked why she had applied for the part of Lady Godiva in Coventry's Festival Pageant, twenty-eight-year-old London actress Ann Wrigg replied : "Because I adore horses." She was chosen, from 100 applicants, by a Coventry committee of five men, three women, as a symbol of perfect womanhood (height, 5 ft. 4½ in. ; bust, 36 in. ; waist, 26 in. ; hips, 37 in.). A special flaxen wig is being made for her, and she will probably wear flesh-coloured tights.

MR. FRED MIZEN : For the lifelike Lion and Unicorn he has made from wheat-sheaves for the Festival of Britain.

THE custom of plaiting corn "dollies"—dating back from pagan harvest ritual—is still carried out by Mr. Fred Mizen, of Bardfield, near Braintree. He has made these effigies from childhood, and was commissioned to make the two animals for the South Bank Palace of Arts at the Festival. The Lion (right) has a mane of red wheat ; the Unicorn stands over 10 ft. high. Hundreds of sheaves were used in the work, which took six months to plait. Only the eyes are of wood.

. . . AND WE APPLAUD

THE CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE CREW

For the superb oarsmanship with which they swept the waterways, from Putney, England, to New Haven, Conn., and on to Cambridge, Mass.

After their runaway victory against Oxford in the re-rowed Boat Race on March 26, Cambridge were challenged by America to take on Yale and Harvard Universities. Arrived in the States, they disposed of Yale over $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles on the Housatonic River, by four lengths, and splendidly rounded-off their American tour with a victory over Harvard, their closest rivals, in a race of the same distance on the Charles River, by a length and a half, leaving the crews of Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Boston University right out of the running.

WHAT GOES ON

Our Puppets Select Their List of Coming Events

★ *This List went to Press last week, so please check with the Daily Papers.*

CEREMONY

April 28. The King and Queen will attend the F.A. Cup Final at Wembley. Princess Elizabeth attends the Seven-a-Side Rugby Match at Twickenham.

May 1. The King and Queen visit the Earls Court Section of the British Industries Fair.

May 3. The King broadcasts from the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral declaring the Festival of Britain open. Princess Margaret opens the Festival Gardens, Battersea Park.

May 4. The King and Queen visit the South Bank Exhibition.

May 8-11. The King and Queen of Denmark visit Their Majesties at Buckingham Palace.

May 9. The King and Queen attend the annual service of the Order of the Garter in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

ENGAGEMENTS

The engagement is announced between:

Robert, son of Sir Robert and Lady **Reid**, of Holbrook, Suffolk, and Isobel, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert **McLachlan**, of Whitecraigs, Renfrewshire.

Capt. R. F. **Birch Reynardson**, Grenadier Guards, son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Birch Reynardson, of Adwell House, Tetsworth, Oxon., and Mary, daughter of Major and Mrs. J. C. **Bulteel**, of Leighton, Manaton, and Royal Enclosure Lodge, Ascot.

Major R. J. **Hyde-Thomson**, M.C., son of Mr. and Mrs. Hyde-Thomson, of 36, Victoria Road, W.8, and Jane, daughter of Comdr. Sir Dudley and Lady **Colles**, of Wren House, Kensington Palace, W.8.

Francis James, son of Capt. and Mrs. Frank **Sherrin**, of Pootings Manor, Edenbridge, Kent, and Grace, daughter of the late Major Gregory **Rose-Innes**, and of Mrs. Rose-Innes, of Leam Hall, Grindleford, Derby.

Robert Ian, son of Col. and Mrs. H. F. **Grant-Suttie**, of Edinburgh, and Juliet Carmen, daughter of Mr. Nigel **Sutton**, of Brussels, and the late Mrs. Sutton.

Major Rupert **Barry**, only son of Sir Francis Barry, Bt., of Jersey, and of Mrs. T. H. Harrison, and Sheila, daughter of Major and Mrs. G. J. F. **White**, of Nicosia, Cyprus.

Francis Charles, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. **Burroughs**, of Carswalls Manor, Newent, Glos., and Barbara Jane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. **White**, of Ampney Lodge, Bampton, Oxford.

The Hon. Philip **Burden**, only son of Lord and Lady Burden, of Upminster, Essex, and Audrey, daughter of Major and Mrs. W. E. **Sykes**, of Hessle, E. Yorks.

SPORT

RACING

April 25, 26.	Epsom, Pontefract.
,, 27, 28.	Sandown, Ripon.
,, 28, 30.	Worcester.
May 1, 2, 3, 4.	NEWMARKET. First Spring Meeting. 2000 gns. 2nd; 1000 gns. 4th.
,, 4, 5.	Haydock Park.
,, 8, 9, 10.	Chester.
,, 9, 10.	Sandown Park.
,, 11, 12.	Kempton, Stockton.

GENERAL SPORT

Rugby Football: Seven-a-Side Finals at Twickenham, April 28. League Cup Final at Wembley, May 5. Association Football: Cup Final at Wembley, April 28. Golf: English Amateur Championship 1951 at Hunstanton, April 25-28; The Walker Cup Match (Great Britain *v.* U.S.A.), May 11, 12. Lawn Tennis: Hard Court Championship of Great Britain at Bournemouth, April 30 to May 5.

ENTERTAINMENT

THEATRE NEWCOMERS

Festival of Shaw's One-Act Plays (Arts)—April 26 to end July.

"Three Sisters" (Aldwych)—Tchehov's classic with star cast: Ralph Richardson, Celia Johnson, Margaret Leighton, Renée Asherson and Diana Churchill. May 3.

Danny Kaye (Palladium)—for an eight-week season from May 7.

"Hassan" (Cambridge)—produced by Basil Dean, with André Huguenet, Elizabeth Sellars, Hilda Simms and Frederick Valk. May 9.

"Cæsar and Cleopatra" (St. James's)—Shaw's play, with Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier; May 10. Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," May 11.

"A Sleep of Prisoners" (at St. Thomas' Church, Regent Street)—by Christopher Fry, with Denholm Elliott. May 15.

"Fancy Free" (Prince of Wales)—a Tommy Trinder show with Pat Kirkwood. May 16.

"Hamlet" (New) — with Alec Guinness and star cast. May 17.

MUSIC

At the Royal Festival Hall:

May 3. Ceremonial Opening Concert. Conductors: Sir Adrian Boult and Sir Malcolm Sargent.

May 4. B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent.

May 5. Yehudi Menuhin and Hephzibah Menuhin.

May 6. B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent.

May 7. London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. Solo pianoforte: Myra Hess.

May 8. B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra and Chorus conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent. Soloists: Moiseiwitsch, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Gladys Ripley, William Herbert, Norman Walker.

At the Royal Albert Hall:

May 6. The Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Milan Horvat. Solo pianoforte: Eileen Joyce.

May 9. The Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Raphael Kubelik. Soloists: Yehudi Menuhin and Hephzibah Menuhin.

OPERA

At Royal Opera House, Covent Garden: first performance of a new opera "Pilgrim's Progress," by Vaughan Williams on April 26. In May two cycles of "The Ring" will be given: 1st cycle, May 4, 10, 18, 24; 2nd cycle: May 7, 14, 22, 26.

At Sadler's Wells: the present season ends on April 28. The Festival season opens on May 5.

At Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith: The English Opera Group open a three-week season on May 1.

At the Savoy Theatre: The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company opens a season of Gilbert and Sullivan Operas on May 7 with "The Mikado," conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent.

BALLET

At Royal Opera House, Covent Garden: Present season ends May 12.

At Sadler's Wells: present season ends April 28. The Festival season opens on May 5. On May 8, a first performance of "Harlequin in April."

At the Stoll, Kingsway: the Festival Ballet re-opens on May 7 with Markova, Dolin, Riabouchinska and Gilpin in the company.

ART

At Victoria and Albert Museum: Centenary Exhibition of the Great Exhibition of 1951. May 1. 1951 Exhibition of Books. May 3.

At the Tate Gallery: Eton Leaving Portraits. Henry Moore Exhibition. May 2.

At Royal Academy, Burlington House: Summer Exhibition, April 28.

At Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17, Dover Street: Graham Sutherland Retrospective Exhibition. Until May 4.

At Royal Society of Arts, John Adam Street, W.C.2: The Exhibition of Exhibitions. May 1.

Exhibition of Contemporary British Painting (1925-1950) at New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street. May 1.

Portraits and Paintings by Sir Oswald Birley at R.I. Galleries, 195, Piccadilly. May 3.

Royal Watercolour Society Spring Exhibition at R.W.S. Galleries, 26, Conduit Street, W.1. April 27.

Exhibition by the Royal School of Needlework at St. James's Palace. Until May 15.

Paintings and Watercolours by British Artists at Fine Art Society, 148, Old Bond Street.

Auguste Renoir, in aid of the Save the Children Fund, at Marlborough, 17, Old Bond Street.

SOCIAL EVENTS

The Lord's Taverners' Ball, in aid of National Playing Fields Association, in the Great Room, Grosvenor House, on April 30. Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh will attend.

Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball for debutantes in the Great Room, Grosvenor House, on May 2.

The Red Hat Ball at the Dorchester, in aid of Christ Church United Clubs, on May 2.

The Jewel Ball of 1951 at the Dorchester on May 9. Proceeds go to the Dockland Settlements.

The fourth Allied Circle International Ball at the Dorchester on May 10.

The "England Ball," in aid of the 25th Anniversary Jubilee Appeal of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, in the Great Room, Grosvenor House, on May 17.

The London Territorial Army Ball at the Junior United Service Club on May 18. Cabaret, midnight reel, Tommy Kinsman's band.

The Flower Ball at the Savoy, in aid of St. Loyes College for the Training and Rehabilitation of the Disabled, on May 22. Princess Elizabeth will attend.

The Navy League annual dinner-ball at the Dorchester on May 22.

ENGAGEMENTS

Harlip

On April 28, Mr. Peter Scott Young marries Miss Gillian Margaret Campbell, daughter of the Hon. Donald and Mrs. Campbell, of Sevenoaks.

Fayer.

Miss Jean Brenchley, who announced her engagement to Mr. Richard York in January.

Pearl Freeman.

Miss Lucie Seymour, who announced her engagement in January to Mr. D[illegible] Joseph Timothy Leng.

Harlip.

Miss Diana Nesta Robertson, who is to marry Mr. Simon Croil Lloyd on April 28.

Lenare.

Miss P. F. M. Read, of Hapton Hall, Norwich, who is to marry Mr. G. H. Bullard, of Gressenhall, Norfolk, on May 18.

Prince Otto of Hapsburg and his fiancée, Princess Regina of Saxe-Meiningen, who are to marry in Nancy, France, on May 10.

Pearl Freeman.

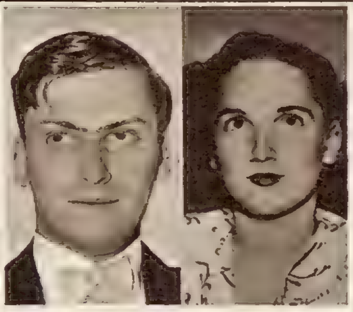
Miss Jean Costobadie, who is to marry Mr. James Richardson Davis at Hampstead Parish Church on May 2.

Fayer.

Miss Daphne Rosamond Pochin, who is to marry Mr. Anthony Friend on May 19.

ENTERTAINMENT

Sir Malcolm Sargent is musical director of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company's season at the Savoy Theatre this summer. See opposite page.



Yehudi Menuhin and his sister, Hephzibah, who are to play in Festival concerts during the season. See opposite page.

Ferdinand Gravey and Odette Joyeaux are in *La Ronde*, which has a gala première at the Curzon Cinema on April 27.

Ralph Vaughan Williams, composer of the new opera, *The Pilgrim's Progress*. See opposite page.

Celia Johnson plays in a new translation of Tchehov's *Three Sisters* on May 3. See opposite page.

Brenda Bruce takes a number of parts in the Festival of Shaw one-act plays at the Arts Theatre. See opposite page.

André Huguenet plays the title-rôle in *Hassan*, opening at the Cambridge Theatre on May 9. See opposite page.

Danny Kaye, who visits us again for an eight-weeks season at the Palladium, opening on May 7.

DANCING CHAMPIONS

A CROWDED and enthusiastic audience added excitement to the colourful scene in the Empress Hall, Earl's Court, on the occasion of *The Star* Ball. The spectators had their own favourites—the applause made that clear—but in one thing they were unanimous; a partiality for the quick-step. The competition was very keen. The final for professional ballroom dancers, after being danced twice, resulted in a tie, the joint winners being Leonard Scrivener and Nellie Duggan (inset, top left), and Wally Fryer and Violet Barnes (top right). Winners of the Amateur Championship (inset, below): Jack McGregor and Bemil Twiggs.

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THIS IS A SILK SUMMER

By Veronica Lee

PURE silk is back in circulation once more . . . expensive, of course, but lovely and lasting. For daytime wear silk looks its best when printed and pleated. Pleats avoid that skimpy appearance ; give a youthful effect of movement . . . swing, yet keep the all-important slim line. Here are two examples, both created by Marcus.

Above: " Festival "—a dress of pure printed silk on backgrounds of blue, grey and navy, with accordion pleats in the front of the skirt and in the apron. From Galleries Lafayette, and also McDonalds of Glasgow. Hat by Madge Chard.

Right: " Blossom "—in daffodil yellow pure silk chiffon with pleated bodice and skirt and magyar sleeves ; also with a black background and multi-coloured flowers. The narrow tie belt is of black suède. From Harrods' French Room. Hat again by Madge Chard.

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SUITED TO SUMMER

By Veronica Lee

SUMMER suits in light materials such as shantung, grosgrain, linen, are all the rage this season. Here are three variations on the same theme.

Right: From Liberty's Model Gown Department comes this copy of a Maggy Rouff model called "Esperanto." In maize-coloured fine matt grosgrain, it has turn-back cuffs lined with black. Liberty also makes the maize and black canvas straw hat, and the black silk chiffon scarf.

Above: A summer suit by Matita in silver grey taffeta-shantung with a double peplum effect. The dome buttons are oxidised and the scarf is dark grey silk printed with a design of ivory leaves.

Right: This Hershelle jumper suit is made in a material called Shangree in colours pink, lime-green, natural, navy and black. A new note is provided by the two scarf-like fringed panels which are topped with pockets. Reasonably priced at a little over £12.

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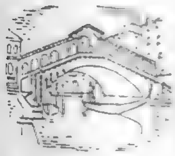

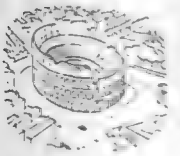

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Gd. Hotel et des Iles Borromées

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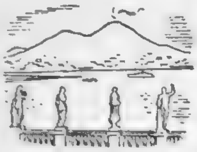

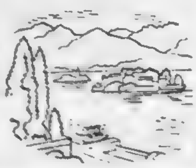

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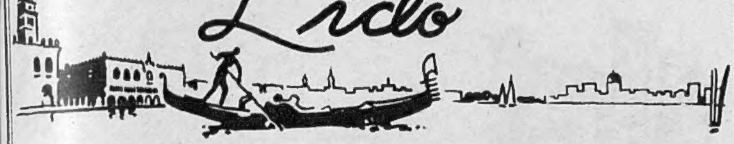

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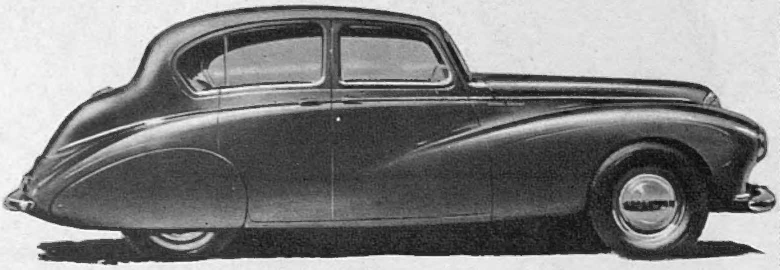

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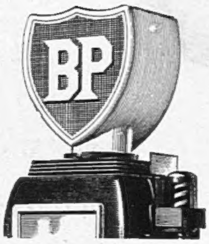

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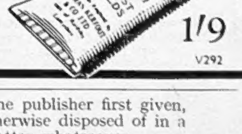

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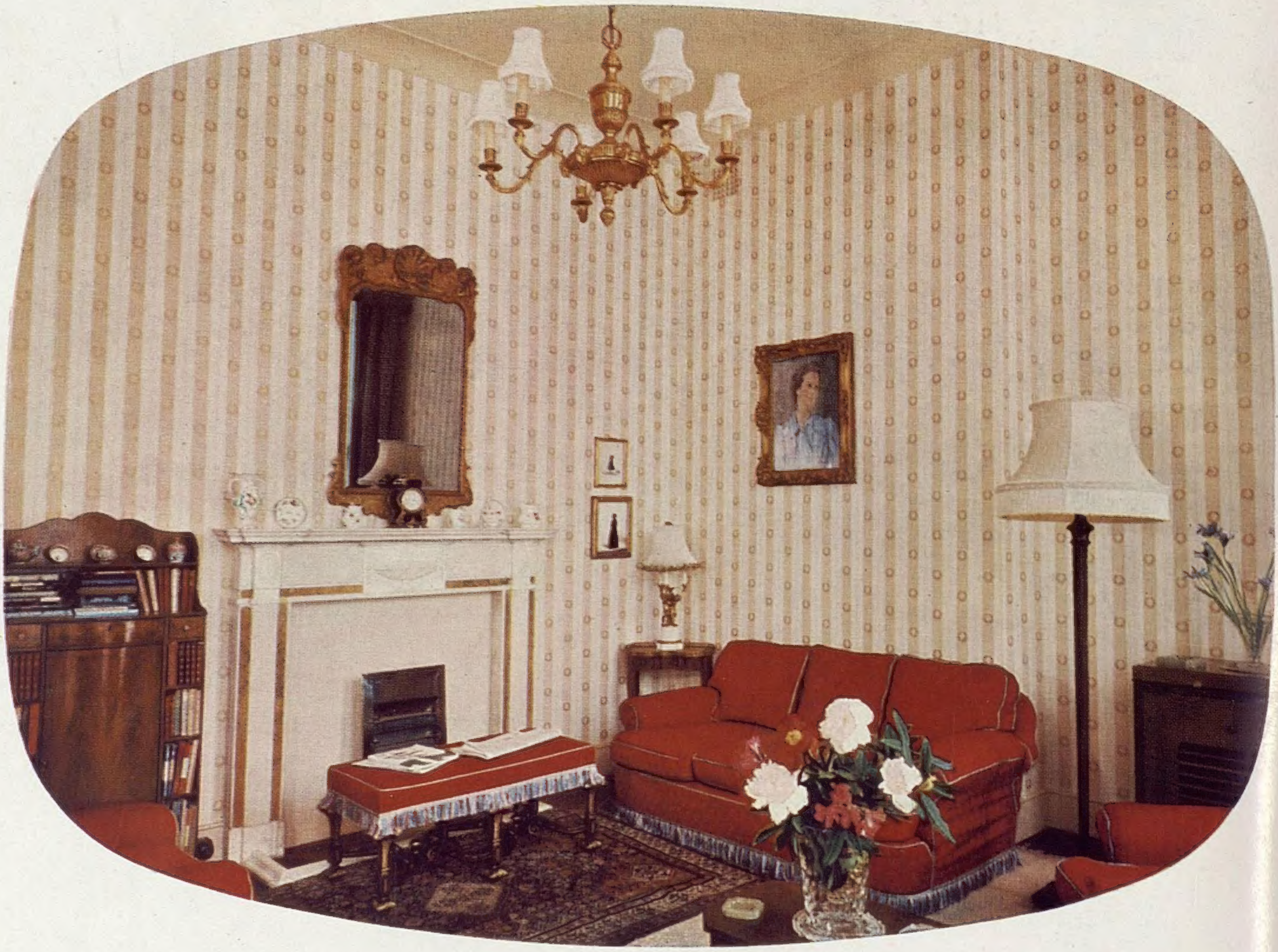

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